

SOUNDVIEW

A MONTHLY LITERARY
REVUE OF THE OBSCURITIES OF THOUGHT AND THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE SENSE

SEPTEMBER SENTIMENTS

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Published Monthly by *The Evergreens* at Ten Cents a
Month, Twelve Months for One Dollar, at Olalla,
on *Puget Sound* in the State of Washington, U. S. A.

SOUNDVIEW

EXPONENT OF THE SOCIETY OF EVERGREENS

SOUNDVIEW COMPANY, OLALLA, WASHINGTON, U. S. A.

Subscription and membership in the society, \$1.00 per year.

Advertising rates on application.

Entered February 2, 1903, at Olalla, Wash., as Second Class Matter under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Remittances should be made with P. O. Money Order on Olalla or bank draft on Seattle or Tacoma. One and two-cent stamps taken for small amounts.

When changing your address, please notify this office at once, thus insuring a continuance of the magazine. Give both the old and new address.

Owing to our rapidly increasing correspondence "The Boss" would suggest that you accompany your letter with as many stamps as you think you ought, to insure a reply. We don't want you to cease writing, for we love your letters, but don't expect a reply always. "Vibrations" are sometimes sent, instead.

Subscriptions to "Appreciative Persons" will not be discontinued at their expiration, but if you are justly entitled to come under this head you will renew promptly, so don't neglect sending the "necessary" too long or your head may come off. If you really want your supply of foolosophy shut off when time paid for is up, you should invest a cent in a post card and notify us, otherwise (some folks say) you are responsible for payment as long as magazine is sent. Anyway, don't fool us.

When this paragraph is Blue Pencil'd it signifies you'll go into the "BLUE BOOK" if you don't renew. If you want to be an "Evergreen" and with the "Evergreens" stand—why, you must PUNGE PROMPTLY.

All unsigned or otherwise uncredited matter appearing in this magazine is to be blamed to the "Boss Evergreen."

MOOCHA SABA says: "I'd rather go to church than to go to hell, but I don't have to go to either place." "An honest man's the noblest work of God, but the Lord is too busy to make many of them." "The idea of eternal punishment; it's a hell of an idea."

But who is Moocha Saba? He is one of the satellites of the Chief of the Ghourki, and you will find his sayings each month in that peculiar magazine, THE GHOURKI. It will be sent to any Evergreen a whole year for twenty-five cents. Published 12 times a year. The Tribe is made up of folks who think for themselves. Address, The CHIEF of the TRIBE of the GHOURKI, Morgantown, West Virginia.

When you send twenty-five cents for a year's subscription a certificate of membership in the Tribe is sent you.

SOUNDVIEW

Vol. VIII

SEPTEMBER, 1907

No. 3

Nudity

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze ;
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked ;
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees ;
No wonder that the corn is shocked.

HENRY ADDIS



" I Am "



NASMUCH as the crack-brained disciples of
the Concord gymnosophist are by this time,
it is to be hoped, tired of repeat-
ing

" I am the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year," etc.,

I have concluded to furnish them a few lines from Goethe
in the same strain, in the hope that as many frogs as pos-

sible trying to swell themselves into elephantine proportions may explode, and thus rid the world of their monotonous, insane croaking.

In Faust Goethe puts into the mouth of a baccalaureus these words:

" The world was not, till it I did create;
The radiant Sun I led from out the sea;
Her changeful course the Moon began with me;
The Day arrayed herself my steps to meet;
The Earth grew green, and blossomed me to greet;
At my command, upon yon primal Night,
The starry hosts unveiled their glorious light," etc.

Before any " New " Thought or Mental " Scientist," however, uses these words, I would advise him to go to the book of Faust and read what Mephistopheles had to say to this baccalaurean rant.

ABIMELECH CAGLIOSISTRO



Mark's Musings



HOSE who trust in God seldom trust anyone else.



BLESSED are the poor for they can work.

A VIEW that has a ring to it — SOUNDVIEW.

LEGISLATORS might be called " tools of production."

SOME of our advancement is in the wrong direction.

A DOLLAR saved is a dollar taken out of circulation.

YELLOW journals sometimes give people the " blues."

A MAN is not *necessarily* a musician because he " blows his own horn."

POLITICIANS are not apt to favor an anti-noise crusade.

THE best collector is he who collects his thoughts occasionally.

IT's a " cinch " that a cannibal is not a vegetarian.

CAST thy wit upon the papers and it may return to thee in a few days.

DURING Boise's hot spell it was decided not to aggravate the case.

MARK MORRIS

Atonement

Into the chapel ghostly dim

With the prayers of men, half-dream, half-dread
I groped for God ; I would live for Him
Or die where the Voice and the vision led.

The wraith of many a surpliced saint

Hovering o'er the silent pews
Moaned its plea that was more a plaint
" *You must die to the flesh — or the soul you lose !* "

And the soul lay stript of its robe so fair

That human hearts still weave about —
The robe of hope for the soul of Prayer
The robe it cannot live without.

Above the altar I read my name —

The blessing was all prepared for me ;
But the vision lay in the living flame
That seals the vow of sanctity !

Dead to the world forevermore

Dead to the world of the heart's desire ?
And the echo came " Nor once implore
But hold your hand to the living fire ! "

I closed my eyes — to give my hand
To the hand of Death ; when Some One moaned
" O God, he does not understand
Not so, not so had flesh atoned ! "

A sob — a gasp — and the Voice was still
So still it fain had never spoke ;
But silence could not stay the thrill
That only Spirit can revoke !

A woman's Voice — a woman's soul ;
Her form ? I did not see it then.
I only sensed the hallowed whole
Of Her whose touch makes gods of men.

Beyond the altar-light She lay ;
Her heart She could not quite forget
Tho She, She too had come to pray
Had seen God smile ! And yet — ah yet

Her virgin-soul kept calling mine !
Said God " I promise peace for strife
*If first you see Her in Her shrine —
Then lead Her gently back to Life ! "*

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON

Euphaisms



IT is possible to be alone in a large crowd or a houseful of company, yet be conferring with so great a press of mental company as to be unconscious of being alone, until awakened to the fact with a feeling of surprize when pitied for supposed aloneness.



WHEN laying out and beginning a day's work, one assumes that the power to do it is in the physical reservoirs ready to be drawn on, if needed fuel and rest have been provided overnight. Each individual is like a train on a track ready to start, cleaned, dusted, oiled, repaired, the trainmen fresh and alert for the run before them which they trust will be safe and successful. This faith in unseen things is founded upon experience acquired from childhood that the silent builders and cleaners have done their work and freighted each plexus station with fluids and fuel for the entity to use while going somewhere that day. Its high or low thought pressure, speed, and smooth action of the running gear, are all tried often severely during the day's run, and the cleaners and builders must resume their work at its close. A train that generates and

runs by its own fluids and force will need to be of complicated mechanism. When the engineer entity aboard knows well the parts of his machine and how to run the whole with skill and wisdom he will stand as a master workman, free from ills, breaks, or need to employ a doctor mechanic to make repairs from the outside.



AFTER devoting the day to business affairs or social demands, return is made to some kind of home life alone with oneself or with others in family isolation. But back of the general home life opens an isolation for the separate entity standing amid an ebb and flow of thoughts and emotions into whose space of silence none other may ever fully enter. Ofttimes communion with the company there installed is unpleasant and they assume to be the hosts who cannot be bowed out. But if one is on good terms with those manifesting staying qualities, they produce a homecoming feeling so pleasant and joyous one may feel truly there is no other place like the home that never breaks up. It is the home to which consciousness withdraws from all excursions, as a rest center, the base of supplies for all activity of the three planes where its activities function. When it enters it and closes the door a hush like that of eventide settles down and surrounds the objective life with

an enclosure more seclusive than housewalls made with hands can raise.



A FLOWER blooming in a lonely place is said "to be born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air." But this can be affirmed only from the personal standpoint where values increase as they show for all they are worth. In the economy of nature the flower does not exist to be seen by or minister to man, but for its own evolution to higher forms. Its structure and color are built from a pattern placed within its organism as exactly as materials placed within reach will permit it to do, without regard to other plant life or human appreciation. The ideal is self-sustaining and exists whether discovered or not by human senses that assimilate its color and essence. These remain of the same excellence however much of it may be drawn into other life. If one turns from contemplating the ideal invisible to sense observation, to changing human fashions, that, tho appearing in solid form for use seem less practical and enduring than the unmanifest plant ideal pattern, the silent plant builder will still be given the lead for producing a finer texture and a subtle delicacy of coloring. It has the joy all to itself of working out an ideal pattern to an approach to perfection.

THE success of SOUNDVIEW is due to its carrying far the vibrations of a simple life to minds lacking opportunity or courage to live apart from the madding crowd. In the cities those who rush along with strained faces and clicking, aggressive heels, despise and push out of the way all who are unable to push as hard as they. They feel the fittest to survive, tho they do not usually survive the longest, but break down and pass before a normal prime is reached, so that one queries if they get enough satisfaction out of a speedway life to pay for the strain, cost and premature passing.

City livers are hypnotized by the dusty, smoky atmosphere charged with thoughts pushing on eagerly to the top of commercial profit, social triumph or pleasure, with a light or dark trend. To the many it is like an exhilarating spell to be moving with a crowd always going somewhere and seeming intent on doing something. It would frighten them to be taken out to quiet suburbs and left to think and act independently of crowd support. The effect would be that of suddenly removing bandages and splinters from a broken limb, and bidden to use it vigorously. Those who possess sufficient standing alone power to break off the crowd magnetism and make a living space between themselves and neighbors may expect to be classed with

the freaks who have no good times. None but the hopelessly verdant will choose to venture into the limelight of a simple, rural life where they may be lookt at from all sides.

The Evergreens but anticipated and assumed the name that would have been given them for seeking freedom from the crowd, freedom to think their own thoughts. All other magazines carry the mixt thought atmosphere of cities, that anyone can have in blocks to suit his needs. The cities would be much smaller if more people wanted the same things for living comfort, such as the rippling waters and color effects of Puget Sound or the Pacific coast, reflecting hills and mountain ranges, covered with piney woods where bird choirs rehearse daily. If these things were in demand, with quiet to think alone without fear of one's own company or the effect of a vital fruit and vegetable diet, a rush would be on to preempt the entire Pacific coast by an Evergreen horde. But not many want the same things yet the SOUNDVIEW Evergreens do, so they have no fear of being crowded, while sending out the strength of the woods they absorb.

MARY EUPHA CRAWFORD



¶ And if there is nothing else to be done, a man will twirl his thumbs or beat the devil's tattoo; or a cigar may be a welcome substitute for exercising his brains. Hence, in all countries the chief occupation of society is card playing, and it is the gage of its value, and an outward sign that it is bankrupt in thought. Because people have no thoughts to deal in they deal cards, and try to win one another's money — SCHOPENHAUER

Some Belated Rullisoniania

EVERGREEN:



SOUNDVIEW just in, and from it I see you are yet struggling with the chemistry of civilization.

Well, my Brother, allow not illogical action to harass your generosity. Man can only know, feel and do things according to his development.

He is invariably nothing, beyond an unreasoning selfish assumptionist, and must be allowed to bump his head until he knocks his brains out, or until he gets wisdom.

The man who is in position to lord over and rule any other man should receive sympathy and pity, as he certainly knows not what an unwise responsibility he has taken upon himself.

I am just about to publish a booklet of 20 pages on "Group Habits" which should, I think, be past around to all the infidels who have fortified ignorance enough about their carnal house to arbitrarily pass judgment upon somebody else.

I have just corrected the last proof of the subject matter and will soon have it on the way to the printery. That you may be in the lead in knowing its contents, I will mail

you a stone proof of the matter tomorrow. I hope you will be able to "stab it" in some spots, and would be very pleased to know what your stabs consist of. So, be sure you land upon it, with feet, head and stomach.

In studying Group habit remember there are three things that have been ruled out of order by the nations. There are three ownerships that have been absolutely done away with — ownership of religion, ownership of body, and ownership of speech. None of these can bring a man in contempt now. Man has freedom as far as these go. The man who does not recognize freedom so far as these go is in contempt of the people, the custom of society, and humanity at large. He is an anarchist, see? Man has perfect right to talk, and in such talk to criticize, if he chooses, either priest, preacher, judge, jury, or layman. These rights have been won. They are what our forefathers fought for.

Ever since I read June, 1906, SOUNDVIEW I have been smiling internally. What you did to Sophie Leppel and the shrimps in your religious "Razzle Dazzle" was aplenty.

I must talk to you some day, regarding the "censorships that are about to come, what we must expect, and will see, as we get further into the "abomination."

J. E. RULLISON

Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen



T is one of the tragedies of existence that, in the search for truth, we often lose our dearest friends. Not all people can appreciate you for what you are — they usually demand that you be just a little hypocritical in order to retain their regard. They do not like *you*, they like what they see of *themselves* in you. If you cannot square with their views in all matters, you are, just in the proportion that you differ with them, of no consequence, and are therefore subject to excommunication for such disloyalty!

¶ To be sure you feel disappointed when you first discover such a trait in one whom you lookt upon as a firm and steadfast friend, but be of good cheer — it is not altogether a tragedy, it is somewhat in the nature of a tree shedding its foliage — it has no further use for the leaves, therefore they must part company. It seems harsh thus to bid good-bye to one who has appreciated and enjoyed you, and whom you in turn have placed high value upon, but it means relief and growth for both of you. To be sure, as long as one of the parties to this mental and spiritual divorce

elects to act the hypocrite, and quietly accepts the situation, the break is postponed, but when free exchange of opinions is indulged the one lacking comprehension, insight and charity is hurt, is really *offended* by this manifestation of his friend's unsuspected *insanity*, and he hastily abandons him to his mania.

¶ The most difficult of all life's experiences is to hold one's balance, to be so truly and surely poised that one can look every question fearlessly in the face and accord it an unprejudiced hearing, to sit as the true and incorruptible judge upon the bench and render your decision unbiased and uninfluenced. This is the measure of a truly *sane* person. The trouble is we are not satisfied unless others accept our particular brand of mental food — we cry continually for freedom, but it must be our own mintage or we'll have none of it. "Give us liberty," but "give death" to the fellow who dares refuse to accept our particular mixture of the article!

¶ How short the memory of the man who escapes persecution! How brief his breath of freedom, ere he visits his brother with the gaoler and the executioner of his own making! Calvin had barely escaped execution when he applied the torch to the body of Ser-

vetus. Robespierre was horrified by the taking of life in his early manhood, only to wield the guillotine fiercely and unceasingly when placed in power during the French revolution, finally falling a victim to the same unfeeling but keen-edged knife.

¶ Grim visaged persecution stands back of every effort for uplift—it is the skeleton in the closet of every reformer. We are not content with presenting our view of the matter—we must force the other fellow to see it our way or send him to perdition! We are no longer permitted to provide a cell, erect a gallows or drive a stake as means of our contempt for the fellow who is stiff-necked and will not be convinced by other argument, so we ostracize him socially, cut off his head (commercially speaking), or otherwise cripple him in his daily doings. Thus it is our friends forsake us, a refined way of saying, "To hell with you!"

¶ Yes, I have had several experiences, but I am still fond of friends—even refuse to forget some who seem to have forgotten me! But I do not complain, I know it is best—they do not need me, that is all! I am not so egotistic as to insist that I have grown beyond them—to the true philosopher all is value, and their view

of things may be higher or lower than my view, it does not much matter—we have simply drifted apart, each going in the channel that seems best suited to his development. We lose some Evergreen friends apparently for the same reason—they have moved on, perhaps, and no longer appreciate our slow pace. But many others take their places around our fireside, so the loss is as much theirs as ours; very likely!

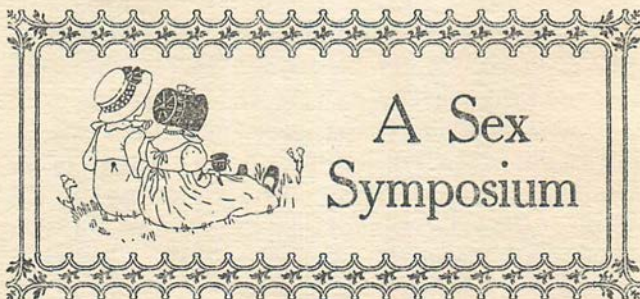
¶ But of all sad disappointments the commercial friend, the one "for revenue only," is the superlative. So long as you yield them something their professions of friendship are profuse, but when there is no longer "anything in sight," when prosperity has placed them beyond need of your services, then the mask falls and you suddenly discover their hypocrisy. If you are somewhat undiscerning this change may come as a shock, but if your intuitive faculties were in good working order it is scarcely a surprize. With such it is not "Is there anything I can do for you?" but "What can I get out of you?" Such friendships (?) are not worth having. But this kind represents the overwhelming majority in our daily life. No wonder the true-hearted shun their kind.

¶ THE teacher is simply an inspiration (or he *isn't*) to greater efforts, the encourager of a desire to know (an appetite for knowledge). He can do nothing more for you — all advancement must come from within. Just as the healer, whether he be of the medicine or mental brand, only inspires and puts in motion the powers within the organism that is to be healed, that sets to work the machinery of Nature, the only healing process possible. Whatever stimulates and encourages that process is beneficent, when not accompanied by deterrent effects that neutralize the good. "Get busy" is the slogan of Nature in whatever field of operations you may be — don't drag!



Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
Those earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every star
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know naught but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

— *Shakespeare*



XXIII

A Diagnosis

By MAUD A. THORNDYKE



WHAT is sex? In physical form it is half of a design; woman is convex man, man is inverted woman. The cohesion of the halves is the law of reproduction. This law is universal and is as much of a reality in the realm of brain construction as of body. The use of either the brain faculties or the sex organs of the body to the exclusion, one of the other, results in an unbalanced condition that manifests in both. Ideality beyond practicality if the sex in brain be overworked and the liability of nonproducing force in the corresponding organs of the body; while the *abuse* of the sex

organs of the body makes barren the highest plane to which the brain would otherwise respond. *Use* is the fulfilment of Nature's demands; *misuse* is both a defiance of that demand, or an indulgence, the two extremes of setting nature at naught. Thus we often are reminded to maintain an equipoise in the use of all the intricate workings of our organism if we would enjoy only the smiles of Nature.

Who that has read "The Poems of Passion" by Ella Wheeler, will flaunt their ignorance by claiming that that which "flows" from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, for the past dozen years at least, is anything but ink in comparison. The brain that was forever pregnant from her tenth year, giving birth to the fairy forms of poetic beauty, that were robes of royal splendor to underlying natural truths, *used* all her sex-force in the formation of their etherial bodies; and the plaintive "cry" is heard by him who can hear the "soul of things," in the writings of this now barren woman: I love little children, but the gates to the paradise of motherhood are closed to me. Her children are all the children of the brain, and the legitimate heirs to originality, responsive heart-throbs and native genius, are the children of the brain of Ella Wheeler.

The proclamation of many thinkers along lines for the

economic freedom for woman is: " There can never be another Susan B. Anthony." That the domestic life of that wonderful woman, in so far as the fulfilment of woman's sphere in the home is concerned — the sphere of mateship and motherhood — was lived in the mental realm exclusively, is a fact patent to all; that she attained the age where fruits cultivated in youth make known their quality, is equally true; that the dissenting voice has feeble response, when those same fruits are proclaimed good, is a provable fact; and that Nature in the ramifications of the mighty law of sex, may sometimes evolve a character with the manifest qualities of both sexes that unite forces in either one realm or the other, the body or the brain, and when in the brain the action from the dynamo in its fertilization and production may electrify the entire body to the subjugation of its otherwise needs, is a truth history bears witness to.

Father Walsh who gave his services, and in 1873 his life, in nursing the poor of his parish during the terrible epidemic of yellow fever, is a glowing example to the truth of mind evolution in its *use* of sex power. He nursed the sick, he soothed the dying, he laid out the dead. At one time upon entering a house as a terror-stricken woman was leaving, he found the nude form of a

dead woman lying on a bed, deserted by her family. The good father gazed at the fleeing figure of the woman he had met at the door, and exclaimed, " Damn such creatures! " Picking up a chemise he gently drew it over the form fast growing rigid, and prepared the body for its hasty burial. The followers (?) of the good father, who form that large class of " only to touch the hem of his garment," and who expect to gain heaven by the strength of said hem and the tightness of their grip thereon, instead of by any self-effort, believe an anathema was pronounced upon the fleeing woman and her children " even unto the third and fourth generation." But to one who can UNDERSTAND, it is recognized only as the opening of the stop-cock in a safety-valve that renders the machine in safe working order. His life was an answer to " What is purity? " and his memory withers to scorn even consuming its own ashes, the Comstock brand of " pure " priests who have mocked God by mutilating their bodies, " made in the image of God," thru ignorance, in the misconception of the use of powers that were the birthright OF their bodies; and who became blasphemers in consequence, and an object of scorn in their " purity raids " when holding their mutilated bodies, that had been sex-fire scorched, up to public gaze as an example of chastity. A study of the condi-

tions forming the environment surrounding the antecedents thru which such characters have been wrought would be interesting, and much scientific knowledge might be gained.

When one of the Stanford Whites gets notoriety as well as fame attached to his name, we are wont to censure the one and laud the other. We laud the genius that can pile up marble in a manner that pleases our eye; that can hang in drunken folds the velvet that smothers our desire for pure air; that can drape the nude form of a beautiful woman in a lace mantilla in such a manner as to captivate our senses, till, beauty-drunk, we swear she is a goddess — and forget, FORGET, in our madness, that the very acme of it all is excess; and in our censure of the things we dislike we totally forget their kin to beauty. If half of what has been given in sworn evidence be true about the architect Stanford White, he prostituted the constructive sex-faculty of his *genius* as well as his mind. And what was the motor-power that run the machinery prompting the birth of his so-called "creations" of art? The overestimation of sex. In his abnormal interpretation of the self-value of sex, his genius was kept on the *qui vive*, discovering what things in Nature placed in relation to each other produce the effect we call "art," and the undisputed "dens" he is father to, bear witness as keystones of their artist. Place Stan-

ford White in relation to the ox, the once proud male of the cattle kingdom robbed of his sex, the object of his being, and where would *now* be the thousands of mute witnesses to the man's genius? Having destroyed the sex of the *man*, a corresponding sex of brain-force, carrying with it the ambition that made possible the *greatest effect*, would also have been destroyed. But the overestimation that runs either to excess or abstinence in *any* ordinance in Nature, aborts its true purpose.

The castration of animals is the killing, or separating from them, the keenest, most expressive features related to them. They may be taught by either torture or "reward of merit" to accomplish a routine of set features, but show no real, original, *constructive* ability. To unsex the sexes is to annul the *constructive*, reproductive obligation for which a body was formed; to quench the fires of life itself, of which sex is the attribute. Science has discovered a valuable truth in its research along occult studies, viz., no person incapable of reproduction, rendered so by either disease, loss of sex-organs, or a merging of both sexes into one, destroying the vital purpose *of* sex, can form any part of a human dynamo thru which manifestations of occult phenomena in Nature may come. Thus we see that manifestations in all degrees manifest but by virtue of the

cohesion of complementary opposites.

Ovariectomy is a cruel, unnatural and always harmful operation. While sometimes affording temporary relief from misery occasioned by violation of the sex organs, the benefits derived are offset by the harmful effects. Aside from the destruction of the finer nature in woman, which includes ambition, there is always the liability of sudden illness and death. The natural body does not take kindly to the separation with its fountainhead. A shock, jar or severe cold is liable any time to settle around the void where formerly the dynamo of generative life *was*; inflammation is induced and the patient succumbs in a very short time, with no power in the body to avert it. When young maidens recognize that the mention of their reproductive organs in scientific relation does not call for the "pretty blush" of cheek, but that the blush is only the blush of ignorance; when healthy, normal love exchange takes the place of promiscuous "flirting," and sex-relations are governed by an understanding of their *value*, then ovariectomy and orchectomy upon women and men as a means of relief from misery caused by sex-abuses, will die for lack of victims.

The castration and spaying of animals makes "beasts of burden," but they are without ambition or aim in life,

voluntarily performing little beyond gormandizing.

The above observations are based upon personal knowledge, gained in co-labors with a physician husband in the study of different animals in my possession during a period of more than twenty years, and from analytical conclusions.



A Home on Puget Sound

A Letter from a Bostonian



THINK and feel that I would like you very much, but why do you allow yourself to be labeled with the word "Boss"? You know that we are all affected (even we philosophers!!) by the association of ideas, and I am always impressed with the fact that you are worthy a better title.

I think that Hubbard chose a splendid one, "Fra Elbertus," which I am told (not being a Greek scholar myself) is a combination of Greek and Latin, and so the prejudiced and stupid laugh. And yet tho Hubbard call himself a "Brother," they do say that he does not act like one at all times. I hope this is not true, for I love him. By the same token you may be "Boss" only in name, and I have no doubt that you appreciate and live the law spoken a long time ago, "He that is greatest among you let him be ser-

vant of all."

These titles remind me of the story of the little boy who was selling *hot cross buns*, and called out with great earnestness "*Hot Cross Buns!!!*" A gentleman bought some and on examination found that they were only ordinary buns. When he called the attention of the boy to the fact, the boy replied, "Oh, that's only the *name* of 'em." So after all, name and title amount to little except for the association which of course differs with and is determined by the consciousness of the individual who contacts it.

This is all I have against you!! I began this letter, prompted by the little "ad" on the back of your magazine, to write and ask you about a site for a home on Puget Sound (and my fancy and impulse led me to write the preceding).

Puget Sound!! What memories it recalls! May I inflict you with — no I'll not tell you at this time, the (sad?) story of my life.

I was born in Australia, of respectable but honest parents (someone ought to hit me with an ax) sailed round the world before I was twenty — then sailed round it again — have seen something of England and Europe, and nearly all of this country — and yet at the names of Washington, Oregon, the Columbia River, and Puget

Sound I feel a thrill that Naples Bay or Lake Lucerne cannot produce. Yet after all, 'tis the law of the association of ideas that makes the picture so beautiful. I was ninety days on the Pacific in an old "Wind Jammer," twenty years ago — first voyage — then we were taken in tow at Astoria and went a hundred miles up the Columbia River, to Portland, in June; and two months in Portland. And after the day's work on the old ship, while the rest of the boys went to the saloon, I walked around the suburbs, ate strawberries, and reveled in the flowers. Even now, I can hear the clatter of my feet on the board sidewalk and see a pair of sweethearts oblivious to everything except themselves — while I, a stranger in a strange land, wished that I might happen across a lass that could love a sailor.

Then I went up thru Puget Sound — but why should I enumerate its charms? Has not Roosevelt said that if there is a finer country he does not know where it is? And Hubbard has practically said the same thing. And I knew it before either of my illustrious compeers found it out.

I've just spent a year in New York city, in a flat — five flights up, no elevator. Yes, we had two children, and that saved us.

Fancy this for an "ad" in respectable (?) papers in

New York city: "A nice flat; superbly furnished; no dogs, cats, or children." I lookt at it — and at the owner, and said, to myself, "To hell with your nice furnished flat!"

And then I thought of the sweet boy and girl of ours, who have gotten their start in the country; and their dear mother, too, who had breathed the air and health of the New England hills. Yes, I thought of that boy and girl, and whether, twenty years hence, they would forgive me if I took them to a New York flat.

Then before my mind there came a picture of Puget Sound. I don't know just where it is, but somewhere, there between the white-capped mountains and the sea, is a *home* (you notice I did not say "house"); and there is an acre or two of land, some trees, shrubs and flowers; away off in one corner are the cow and the chickens, and in the other corner is a workshop, where a fellow can make things. Then down on the shore is a twenty-foot knock-about, a fleet thing, that spreads her sails every Saturday afternoon — and other days, — and in which we sail, or fly, before the breeze and my boy and girl learn courage and self-reliance, and fill full their lungs with air and their hearts with joy. You can't do that in a New York flat.

Then in the evening, when the lamp is lit, we will sit

around a wood fire, and, until the girl get big enough, I, her father, or their mother, will play the eolian organ. Yes, I'm going to have two things in our home — the best equipped bath room and an eolian organ, and I'm saving for it now. Yes, music is a necessity — "We live by inhaling oxygen and sentiment," says Oliver Wendell Holmes. So I want a place where we can live and breathe and express the best within us. And this home is yours, too, dearie — whoever you are, dear girl, away there in the factory or waiting the long, long day in a restaurant at your thankless task. Yes, it is yours — and you are your own letter of introduction and recommendation; and some day men will provide this haven for you all.

And, brother, when you go by, drop in — the latch-string hangs out; and over the door, tho only the few can read it, is written the word, "Welcome."

HINTON WHITE

[*Editor's Note.*— Mr. and Mrs. White have since arrived to select the site and arrange for the beautiful home on Puget Sound herein pictured.]



¶ First we idealize, then we realize, after which we quite frequently anathematize!

Comes Back at Me!



NE of the "persuaders" we are sending out to derelict and delinquent Evergreens, and which same was cast off the grey matter of the Boss Evergreen in a melancholy moment, reads as follows (the "guilty" please take notice, and consider this a second invitation to discontinue to delay that deluge of "long green" you have long contemplated!):

A HOARSE HOWL

This "Pome" 's a hint that some money is due
 The wide open Excheq. of the Evergreen crew,
 For "Greens" occasionally dished up to you.
 Please pungle promptly, and pleasantly, too,
 And avoid the cold plunge in the Boss's "Book Blue,"
 Which yawns for the careless and conscienceless few.
 Just wrap Wm. Dollar and tag him "Soundview,"
 And stay in the Green Book, your life to renew —
 Doitnow, doitnow, now do, please do!
 If you don't the Em-Bossed may — Boo-hoo-oo-oo!!

¶ PSS.— This "Poam" is Xtra — please return or remit 10 cents. ¶ A dollar in the Evergreen bush is worth two in your greasy wallet. ¶ This is the "Phirst Spasm" — better look sharp or more will follow!

¶ Now comes a New Hampshire Evergreen and in a mad moment of retaliation, pens the following, which is too good to hide in the waste basket of the Evergreens:

Please find enclosed old Dollar Bill,
Your "howl" to stop, your mouth to fill,
Sit down at your desk and take your quill
And mark my acct. of debt, *part* nil,
And when you have learned to sit quite still
You may pen a line to me more tran-quil
Than sending "Hoarse howls" at me for your bill.
One would think you sponsor for Ex-Queen Lil
The way you go Boston-wards for a president! Still
I don't blame you a mite for the draw on my till.
You've earned it—so take it, go cook some more "Greens,"
And season to relish with my Boston baked beans,
And I'll come and smile lovingly at you in dreams
That may "grow" to a real visit, as it seems,
Yes, a visit to Royal Olalla Evergreens.

¶ Well, I call that pretty "sassy," but inasmuch as a couple of "long greens" accompanied it I can overlook the *insult*! And we should even urge others to "insult" us in the same manner. Could you do any better—either in dollars or "poams"? Try it, now do, and be a jolly "who do"!



¶ Yes, Mae Lawson Herself has "arrived." Most Evergreens are acquainted with "Mae" thru her writings in SOUNDVIEW, and they may hear from her some more, as she expects to remain in Evergreenland. She is already looking much "greener" than when she first sniffed the Puget Sound breezes, and there is every

evidence that she will become the greenest of the green if she decides to tarry in the region made famous by the Evergreens! Mae is a most highly developed character and one whose utterances, while deep and full of meaning, are really less potent and interesting than the personality of the woman herself.



Elbert Hubbard in Seattle



ELBERT HUBBARD will lecture at Seattle, Wash., in the Grand Opera House Sunday Afternoon, October 20th, at Three o'clock. Subject, "The Spirit of the Times," and in Egan Hall, Arcade Building, Monday Evening, October 21st, at Eight-Fifteen o'clock. Subject, "Health, Wealth and Happiness."

Mrs. Elbert Hubbard will lecture in Egan Hall, Arcade Building, at Seattle, Wash., on Sunday Evening, October 20th, at Eight-Fifteen o'clock. Subject, "Woman's Work: An Inquiry and a Suggestion."

Seats on sale at Lee's Pharmacy, Alaska Building.

This is an opportunity that no Evergreen within reach of Seattle should miss. If you have never heard this remarkable man you *should* not miss these lectures and if you have heard him you *will not* miss them.

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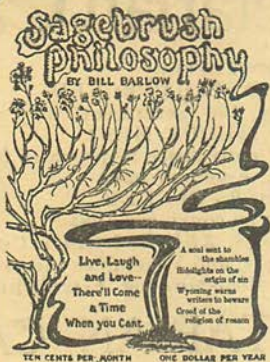
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JUST A REMINDER

Q DEAR EVERGREEN: You will pardon this reminder of your neglect to send us a chunk of "appreciation" for some time, but, knowing it was simply an oversight, and that under no circumstances could you dispense with your monthly dish of "greens," we have continued sending SOUNDVIEW! Now we have no desire to urge our product on anyone not wishing it, so if we have misinterpreted your mental attitude towards this little liberty lubricator we ask your pardon (likewise the small sum due to date), and we promise to bother you no more. We love friends more than money, and if you doubt it just say that you want the magazine but feel unable to pay for it and see how gladly we continue to send it; what you specially owe us is to say whether you want it or not. If you want to know how much you are indebted to us in money we'll gladly tell you, but if you wish to stay with us just send amount as per enclosed bill, or what you can spare. We don't want to lose you, but let us hear from you in any event. *We would do as much for you, and we know we'll get what's*



JUST A
LITTLE
CHAT



A HINT
TO THE EV
ERGREEN



A HOARSE HOWL. [Act II. 110 years later.]

THIS "Pome" 's a hint that some money is due
The wide open Excheq. of the Evergreen crew,
For "Greens" occasionally disht up to you.
Please pungle promptly, and pleasantly, too,
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PSS.—This "Poam" is Xtra—please return or remit
10 cents. ¶ A dollar in the Evergreen bush is worth two in
your greasy wallet. ¶ This is the "Phirst Spasm"—better
look sharp or more will follow!

THE EVERGREENS (that's who),
OLALLA, WASH., U. S. A. (that's where)..

(OVER)

A LOUD CRY. [Act I. Time, 1795.]

MANY of our customers will find that we have taken liberty of forwarding to them the amounts of their several accounts. The great expenses attending the business in addition to the extraordinary expenses of labor and must make everyone sensible of the necessity of paying seasonably made. The editors therefore presume their customers will attend to this weighty circumstance immediately.—From "The Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser," published in the year 1795, in the town of Boston, which is in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of which is just as applicable now as then.

(OVER)